

Head Over Feeling by Luddleston

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Summary:

Matt can kick some serious ass with that staff, and Shiro enjoys it a little too much, especially when he's the one getting his ass kicked.

He decides to ask Matt for a private sparring session in their bedroom.

Head Over Feeling

Author's Note:

LISTEN, MATT CAN TOTALLY KICK SHIRO'S ASS NOW.

He can. I believe in him.

(title is from the song of the same title by Taylor Mathews)

Shiro, not for the first time, wondered what the hell he'd gotten himself into.

It started when Pidge dragged Matt to a training session with the Paladins, bragging about her brother's skills with that staff he'd been toting around, detailing their battle with an alien bounty hunter for the sixth time. Shiro hadn't really been listening, busy going over the training regimen for the day, only tuning back in when somebody said, "you should go against Shiro."

It was a terrible idea. Shiro went so easy on Matt during combat training in the Garrison, their instructors stopped putting them against each other. By graduation, they were in completely different combat classes, with Shiro leading the rankings, and Matt... well, Matt was better in other subjects.

Shiro told them it was a terrible idea. Matt just smirked and said he didn't need to go easy anymore.

He did anyway, and got knocked halfway across the training room for it.

Shiro knew, objectively, that Matt was stronger than before. He'd noticed the muscle tone on Matt's shoulders and arms, and the rebels all regarded him as a formidable fighter, but he wasn't expecting Matt to be able to quite literally sweep him off his feet. He barely managed a good landing, scrambling back to a standing position and ducking as Matt came at him again, not even giving him a second to recover both from the blow. Shiro realized this fight might take a little more effort than he'd been giving it.

As Shiro dodged, Matt adjusted the angle of his staff, sliding the metal through gloved palms to nail him in the side with the opposite end. He was able to turn his stumble into a combat roll and go on the offensive, ducking low to get within contact range. He got in a hit, but Matt seemed unfazed by the blow against his shoulder and shoved his staff against Shiro's chest, pushing him away and then planting his foot in Shiro's sternum, cracking loudly against his plate armor.

It was an uneven match—in Matt's favor. Matt was the only one armed, and his staff gave him extra reach Shiro wouldn't have had even with his bayard.

Shiro barely got out of the way of another blow, Matt's staff whistling through the air before slamming hard into the ground. If that had hit Shiro, he would've gone down.

He was starting to think he might lose. A small part of him didn't mind.

The only way to win was to get Matt's staff away from him, so the next time Matt came at him, Shiro caught it with his prosthetic arm, the shock of the impact traveling all the way to his shoulder even though the metal absorbed more of it than his opposite palm would've.

Shiro pulled on the end of the staff, but he found he couldn't easily knock Matt off his feet. Matt dug his heels in, too heavy and well-balanced for Shiro to muscle around anymore. Shiro shifted his grip, reaching further down the staff to yank it out of Matt's hands, and Matt let go, giving it up easily. Shiro's momentum threw him off-balance just long enough for Matt to cross one arm over the other and take the staff again, unwinding his arms and *flipping* Shiro right over onto his back.

Holy shit. Matt wasn't just stronger, he knew what he was doing, too. Someone had trained him well.

"C'mon, I know you can do better than that," Matt said, the bright light of the training arena making his eyes turn gold. A smirk cut into his face and it only widened when Shiro got to his feet again.

Matt knew he had the advantage and then some, and so did Shiro. If he was smart, he would've just yielded, but Matt was a force of nature, and Shiro wanted to see where this storm would take him.

He fought harder this round, pushing himself to his limits. The only difference between this and a real fight was that his arm wasn't glowing purple and humming in his right ear. The prosthetic was still useful; he caught Matt's blows with his metal arm, all too aware of how much it would hurt if he could actually feel the staff smash into his knuckles with enough power to force his elbow to bend.

The issue with the prosthetic, though, was that he couldn't get a solid grip on the staff—even if he grabbed it, Matt could shove himself forward or yank the staff right out of Shiro's hand. He was *good*, and maybe if Shiro wasn't so awestruck wondering how the hell this was the same Matt Holt who almost keeled over trying to run a 5K at the Garrison, he wouldn't have taken so many hits.

It took him a while to find the holes in Matt's strategy, to realize that instead of putting himself lower to move in and strike, he could be going quite literally over Matt's head.

Matt wasn't expecting Shiro to jump over a strike instead of ducking out of the way, so it gave him enough time to get behind Matt and grab the staff on either side of his hands, yanking it up until it was at Matt's neck, not tight enough to keep him from breathing, but close enough to insinuate.

"Yield?" Shiro asked, breathing ragged into Matt's ear.

"No way," Matt said, and Shiro could feel the muscles in his arms tense as he struggled. He was going to need to pay some serious attention to Matt's biceps, later. Matt couldn't break free; even though he had gained some formidable advantages, Shiro was still stronger.

"I think I won," Shiro laughed, but Matt just tossed his sweaty hair out of his eyes.

"Not this time, babe."

Matt dropped his weight and pulled the staff hard toward his chest, using his lowered center of gravity to flip Shiro over his body and onto the floor, hard. The force of impact nearly dented his armor, and he swore the sound it made echoed.

Shiro watched him from the ground for a second, dazed, the wind knocked right out of him.

"Yield?" Matt parroted, dropping to a knee next to Shiro's head, leaning heavy on his staff. He wasn't letting go until Shiro gave in and admitted his defeat.

It took Shiro a moment to answer, busy catching his breath. "Yeah, I yield," he said, taking Matt's hand when it was offered, letting Matt pull him to his feet. He was still winded, thoroughly beaten and already predicting how hard he'd feel it in the morning.

Also, he had a peanut gallery of whistling (Pidge), and shrieking (Lance and Hunk) behind him. "*Holy shit!*" Lance yelled, and Shiro didn't even have it in him to scold him for his language. "Dude! He totally pounded you, I don't believe it!" Lance was too excited to stay still anymore, jumping around and continuing to yell. Matt's grin reached a whole new level of self-satisfaction, Lance's choice of words doing nothing to make him any less smug.

"Yeah," Shiro said, pushing his hair off his forehead. "Seriously. Matt. I had no idea you had that in you."

"I've got a few tricks up my sleeve," Matt said, winking at him, and Shiro's face was still red, but it wasn't from exertion anymore. There was something in him (his libido, probably) that *liked* how Matt was able to push him around now, how he could dominate the hell out of him if he wanted to. He shook his head, filing that away for later.

Pidge tackled Matt with a hug, congratulating him on winning, and Lance and Hunk started theorizing on whether Shiro would've won if he had his bayard or if he'd activated his arm. Allura, who could also do some major damage with a staff, looked like she was taking mental notes on the whole

fight, so Shiro prepared to have an even stronger, shapeshifting alien use those tricks on him next time.

When he left the training room, his breathing still hadn't quite slowed to normal, and his heart was racing even though it had been a while since Matt had him pinned.

Shiro carefully watched Matt undress that night, trying to compare him with the boy he'd known before, struggling to remember a time Matt looked any different. Shiro knew his hands were further apart when he held Matt's waist now, had learned that Matt's shoulders were wider when he hugged him to his chest. Somehow, the definition he'd gained just fit him, like he'd always carried himself that way. It made Shiro take that much longer to realize how much more *powerful* Matt had become.

And once he'd realized it, he couldn't think about anything else. Matt didn't train with them again, which was probably a good thing, because Shiro's skin burned hot every time he thought of Matt knocking him to a heap on the ground and leaning over just to tease him. When they kissed, he couldn't help but imagining Matt pushing him over and getting on top whether Shiro liked it or not.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd *desired* something like that, and it tied his mouth shut, drove him to embarrassed silence every time he thought about it.

But then Matt had asked what was wrong, and no, nothing was *wrong*, but it had Shiro stammering out something in the way of an explanation, just to avoid worrying him. He wasn't entirely sure what it had been, but he thought it was along the lines of, *"remember how we used to wrestle around in our room for fun when we were cadets? Yeah, let's do that again, but with more nudity—and I'm hoping you win this time."* Except with a lot more blushing and incoherent mumbling.

Again: what the hell had he gotten himself into?

"You want to... what?"

"I just think... you know, it's kind of—" he paused to take a breath, and then, "—hot. Yeah. It's hot, okay, that you can..."

Matt stepped closer to him. They were both dressed for bed, Shiro in the pajama pants all the Paladins had in their respective colors, Matt in one of Shiro's black tank-tops and his underwear. The shirt didn't hang off him the way Shiro's clothes used to.

Matt took another step forward, close enough that when he spoke, his head still tipped down coquettishly, Shiro could feel his breath on his chest. "You like that I can kick your ass, baby?" When he met Shiro's eyes, he was grinning.

"Quit *teasing* me, I'm serious!" Shiro whined, putting his hands around Matt's waist, pulling him closer. He bent to kiss Matt's neck, hiding his face there because it was less embarrassing without eye contact. "You're so strong, I just... I keep thinking about you holding me down and, uh." His hands tightened into fists in the back of Matt's shirt, sure Matt could *feel* him blushing by now.

"And, uh, what?" Matt asked, palms flat on Shiro's chest.

Shiro replied so quietly, it was a wonder Matt even heard him. "And *fucking me*."

Matt sucked in a sharp breath and his hands curled, squeezing Shiro's pecs. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, reaching down to slip his hands under the hem of Matt's shirt. "I just want... I want you to be rough with me. Make me take it."

"*Jesus, fuck*," Matt hissed through his teeth, "Takashi. I... you don't want me to actually... hurt you, though? Right? Because that's masochistic, even for you, and I don't think... yeah, I couldn't do that."

"What? No, just, just push me around a little." He took a breath and then leaned away so he could look Matt in the face again. "You remember when we used to, uh. Roleplay and stuff? Like that. Except..."

"Except," Matt finished for him, reaching around to hold him, hands possessive on his back, "this time, I'm the one giving orders, right?"

"Yes." Shiro wanted to melt against him then, wanted to bow to Matt's every request. But that wasn't exactly the fantasy he had in mind, so he'd have to file that particular emotion away for another time. "So. You wanna spar?"

"Sure," Matt agreed, stepping back, hands reaching behind his head to pull his shirt off. He tossed it onto the bed, fixing Shiro with an easy smile. "So we're even," he said, dropping into a crouch, hands extended, ready to catch Shiro's first blow with ease.

Their fight was more playful this time, Matt escaping a hold by tickling him, Shiro pinning him to the wall for just a second and kissing him there until he was relaxed enough for Matt to push at his shoulders and send him stumbling back.

Shiro didn't let Matt win without a fight; but all his blows were with an open palm, his left, specifically, the galra arm even more out of the equation than it had been the first time. Matt tackled Shiro to the floor, straddling his waist, shoving Shiro's hands above his head. He grinned, grinding his ass back against Shiro's crotch. Shiro's mind was flooded with ways to escape—*kick him off, knee between his legs, push him onto his front and tie his arms behind him*—but his body stilled, because he didn't have to fight desperately to escape anyone right now.

He didn't want to escape, either.

Shiro waited for Matt to let go of his wrists and bend to kiss him, taking advantage of the opening to move out from under him, ducking to the side when Matt tried to catch him again. Shiro pushed Matt onto the bed, but Matt used his momentum to unbalance him, and Shiro was flat on his back again, this time, with Matt sitting on his chest, resting all of his weight on Shiro to keep him down.

This wasn't nearly as athletic as their last sparring session but both of them were breathing hard anyway, faces red, eyes gone a little glassy with sensation. Shiro shoved against the weight on his core, hands going for

Matt's waist to push him off, but Matt grabbed both palms, grappling with him to keep him in place, his biceps firming up as he forced Shiro still again.

Shiro shifted his grip to pull Matt down instead, arms going around his neck as Matt braced himself over Shiro, letting Shiro rock up to kiss him hard, more teeth in it than usual. Matt's mouth was hot against his lips, and then against his jaw, and then against his neck. "Are you ready?" he asked, voice rasping, his hair tickling Shiro's chin.

"For?"

"I'm going to take your clothes off," Matt said, ducking out of the circle of Shiro's arms and taking his line of kisses down Shiro's chest and ribcage, fingers curling in the waistband of his pants. He was already hard beneath them, and the corners of Matt's mouth quirked into a smile. "Starting to think you like losing, baby." Matt laid his palm over Shiro's cock, pressing the tip of it against his belly until Shiro moaned.

"Mm. I wouldn't call it losing," Shiro said. He tried to sit up, but Matt put a hand on his chest, right over the place on his sternum where he'd kicked him in training, and forced him back down.

"You really should listen to me," Matt said, lifting his hand from Shiro's cock and taking the sensation with him. Matt opened his mouth like he had another line, but then he stopped, squinting like he was trying to remember something. "Uh, hey. Where'd I put the lube after last time?"

"Oh my god. It's in the thing under the bed, because I actually put it away," Shiro said, and Matt ducked to retrieve it while Shiro settled back on the bed, his anticipation starting to feel like a physical burn.

Matt paused over him, considering, tapping the edge of the bottle against his lips. "I think I want you on your stomach," he decided.

"That's fine," Shiro said, and remained exactly where he was.

"Roll over," Matt ordered.

"Make me."

Matt dropped the bottle onto the bed and grabbed at him again, both hands on his hips, mouth over Shiro's, kissing like he was trying to put Shiro in his place. He scraped his teeth over Shiro's bottom lip, before grabbing his thighs, fingers indenting the thick muscle, forcing his hips to turn.

Matt put his hands behind Shiro's knees and spread his legs wider on the bedsheets. It left him uncomfortably half-turned but he couldn't bring himself to mind, because Matt's eyes looked molten like this. Matt pushed his shoulders flat and bent over him until Shiro was taking his full weight.

Matt's lips were at his ear, and he bit the shell of it once, before saying, "stay right there and be a good boy for me," and rocking his hips against Shiro's ass. His cock only dragged against Shiro through his boxers, but it still had him losing his goddamn mind. "Yeah, just like that. Take your underwear off for me?" Matt's voice was sweet and syrupy, and it made Shiro want to obey him, to please him, and not just because holding still meant Matt's slick fingers entered him. Shiro would follow Matt's orders no matter what he was doing to him.

He was entirely pliant under Matt's hands, the fight dragged right out of him by those hot words against his ear, by the fingers crooking inside him and spreading him open. He pushed back against it, forcing Matt's fingers deeper, and Matt stopped, pulling his fingers out.

"What did I say," he said, like a demand, his hand snapping against Shiro's ass in a quick spank.

Shiro froze underneath him, went completely silent for a second. Matt didn't continue, just paused, waiting for a reaction, but all he got was a strangled, "stop."

"What is it?" Matt asked, his weight lifting off Shiro as he stopped straddling him and sat on the bed by his side instead, brushing Shiro's hair out of his face to read his expression.

Shiro took a breath and shook his head. "I'm fine, I just—I don't want you to hit me. Even, uh. Even if it's just spanking, okay?"

"I should have known that," Matt said, apologetic. "Or, at least—I should have asked." He set a hand between Shiro's shoulder-blades and rubbed his back, saying, "sorry, sorry, baby," quietly.

"I don't wanna stop, though," Shiro said, taking Matt's free hand, rubbing his palm, leaning in to nip the skin between his thumb and forefinger. This was the hand Matt had been fingering him with, and his forefinger left a wet smear of lube on Shiro's cheek.

"Okay. Do you want me to just tone it down a little bit?"

"No." Shiro pressed a kiss to Matt's palm. "Everything else you were doing was really good."

Matt leaned down and kissed Shiro's temple before speaking, the pressure of his hand on Shiro's back increasing. "You like my dirty talk, baby?" he asked, his sex-voice back like he'd flipped on a switch.

"Mm-hm," he said, even though Matt knew full well that he liked it, or he wouldn't spend so much time whispering obscenities in Shiro's ear during casual conversation just to see him go red. Shiro shifted, rolling his hips against the sheets, trying to get himself hard again with the friction, but Matt grabbed his hips, stopping him. He knelt between Shiro's legs, bending over his back.

"You think I'm letting you off the hook that easy?" he asked, lips against the nape of Shiro's neck. He felt the barest press of teeth there before Matt leaned away. Matt lifted him by his hips, pulling him up until his ass was flush with Matt's cock.

Shiro balanced himself out, leaning on his elbows, and dropping his head between his arms to take a couple deep breaths before looking over his shoulder at Matt. "Why the hell do you still have clothes on?" he asked, and Matt ground down against him again. His boxers must have been ruined,

lube soaking through them, but Shiro couldn't find it in himself to feel remorse. Matt had done it to himself, anyway.

"I thought you were supposed to be better at patience than this," Matt joked, leaning over him so his chest was pressed to Shiro's back, his skin tacky with sweat from their wrestling match. "Just a second."

He leaned away and Shiro ducked his head back down, not quite burying it in his arms enough to miss Matt flinging his boxers across the room. Matt braced himself over Shiro again, his hand finding Shiro's on the sheets and squeezing gently. His opposite hand slid underneath them, down Shiro's abs, until Matt had his fingers around Shiro's cock, stroking until he was hard and then continuing, littering kisses and nips over Shiro's shoulders and back.

Matt had his own cock between Shiro's thighs, rubbing against his balls, the tip brushing the heel of Matt's hand when he held the base of Shiro's dick. Shiro took the hint and closed his legs, squeezing Matt's cock between his thighs, and it tore a breathless, "*ah!*" from Matt's throat.

In order to fuck him properly, Matt had to sit up, but the position allowed him to grab Shiro's hip and thrust between his legs at the kind of brutal pace he couldn't have actually fucked Shiro at without hurting him. It *felt* like Matt could have been inside him, made the same slick, obscene noises, and if Shiro flexed his thighs, he could get Matt to moan all high and breathy like he did when his cock was deep in Shiro's ass.

It still wasn't enough.

"I want you—*hah*—I want you *in me*, Matt," he begged, and Matt hummed, low in his throat, acquiescence of some kind. He didn't stop fucking Shiro's thighs, but he did take his hand away from Shiro's cock, and it made him honest-to-god *whine*, earning him another pitchy sound from Matt.

Matt took his other hand off Shiro's hips, and he heard the cap on the bottle of lube open again. Matt slowed, but he didn't entirely stop, still pushing his cock into the space between Shiro's thighs every so often like he couldn't stop himself.

Matt's fingers fucked back into him, picking right up where he'd left off before, spreading him open, not gentle about it. The way he had Shiro spread out under him, face in the pillow, ass in the air, would've been humiliating if it'd been anyone other than Matt, who found him beautiful like this and told him so. Shiro relaxed under the praise, until the only thing keeping his hips lifted off the mattress was Matt's firm grip. Matt could hold him up without really thinking about it, now, one-handed, his other busy teasing him open.

"I think I want you on your back for this," Matt said, and Shiro didn't respond except to hum in what he hoped sounded like agreement. It forced Matt to roll him over again, but he wasn't so rough this time. Shiro was starting to wonder if Matt would be able to lift him, maybe for a minute or so.

"Hi," Shiro said, tongue passing over his bottom lip before his teeth dug into it. The blue light in his room made dark shadows out of Matt's hair over his face, cut at jagged angles. He looked dangerous, and Shiro couldn't bring himself to be even a little afraid.

"Hey," Matt said, a smile melting his dominant facade, and he bent to kiss Shiro, gathering his hands up and pressing them above his head again. Shiro crossed one wrist over the other and let Matt hold him down at that point, spreading his legs and only thinking after that maybe he should've let Matt do that for him.

Matt crowded him, eagerly pushing into him, close enough that Shiro could feel his every breath but far enough that he'd have to strain against Matt to kiss him. He did anyway, barely managing one, and then another, before Matt put too much distance between them. Shiro realized, as Matt's next thrust made him throw his head back and stutter out a gasp, that Matt was leaning away so he could watch him, catalogue every reaction. When they were younger, back at the Garrison, Matt never watched him, because without his glasses, everything was a blurry haze and he'd rather put over-eager hands on Shiro instead.

Shiro couldn't blame him, not when Matt had to push hard to keep Shiro from breaking free to touch him.

He expected a frenzied pace, but Matt took him slow, of course, because he knew exactly how to ruin Shiro. Matt's free hand held his hip, guiding him to the angled Matt wanted to keep him at, which was coincidentally the one that had him nailing Shiro's prostate. Matt got him so loud, Shiro barely recognized his own moaning anymore, because he couldn't bring himself to believe he'd ever been this plaintive for anybody.

Well, if there was anybody who could get him to whine like he was begging, it was Matt.

"Are you gonna be good for me?" Matt asked him, "I'm gonna let go of your hands, and you're gonna keep them there. Stay still, Shiro, I want you to just take it, okay?"

"Okay," he said, but he had to grab the sheets over his head to keep from taking Matt in his arms as soon as he was freed. Matt seemed pleased with the action, though, grinning above him and bending toward him with an air of benevolence that said he was letting Shiro kiss him as an act of mercy.

"Good boy," Matt said. "Now, let me hear you, yeah, baby?"

Shiro realized the reason Matt had let go of him was to get his hand around his cock, jacking him off in time with his thrusts, and summarily driving Shiro crazy.

"*Fuck*," he whined, and Matt seemed pleased with his answer. He fucked Shiro faster, until he was begging for mercy and not entirely sure Matt would give it to him.

"I'm so close," he said, "please, Matt, let me come." He strained toward Matt again, but he was just out of reach, not because he was trying, Shiro realized. Matt's eyes had dropped closed and his mouth had fallen open, little noises hitching in his throat the way they did when he was about to—

Matt was so fucking into it, and Shiro was beyond overwhelmed. He watched the pleasure flash across Matt's face, felt Matt come inside him, but it was second to the orgasm wringing its way through his own body, his

back bowing, hands curling in the sheets so hard he swore he heard a stitch rip by his right.

For a long moment, he felt like he was floating, until something anchored him, pressed to his chest, weighing him down to the bed. He realized that something was Matt, stretched across his torso, head pillowed on his chest.

"You know you can touch me, now, right?" Matt asked.

"Oh. Yeah," Shiro said. He hadn't noticed his hands still above his head. His fingers were stiff when he uncurled them, and his left was a little shaky as he rested both on Matt's waist. Shiro cleared his throat, trying to think of a comfortable way to say *you kind of just blew my mind*. "Thank you," was what he landed on, and it still felt a little strange and over-formal.

"Oh, anytime, baby," Matt said, taking his awkwardness in stride. "You okay? I know that was a lot."

"Mm. Think you ruined me, but that's not a problem."

"Sure about that?" Matt asked, fingers running over Shiro's temples.

"Yeah. I'm sure Allura will be cool with the 'I can't come to group training tomorrow, Matt and I are sparring again' excuse."

"She actually might," Matt said, like he was actually considering it, and Shiro rolled the both of them over, cuddling him into submission before Matt actually started telling the Princess they were doing private training and she asked them to join, or something.

Although, when Matt pushed him back over and thoroughly kissed him goodnight, Shiro thought maybe a few more matches might not be a bad idea.

Author's Note:

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